

General Items.

It costs \$90,300 per annum to examine school teachers in Texas.

A new iron side-wheel steamer is to be put on Lake Winnepesaukee next summer.

Louisville, Ky., comes out with a large auction sale of summer coffins in order to clear the way for new styles.

An English journal speaks of a British statesman's speech as "ostentatiously sensible." What a pity more of our statesmen cannot have that failing.

A Baltimore clergyman boasts of having converted 17,000 children within a year, but he doesn't inform us whether he worked on time or got paid by the piece.

An eccentric clergyman lately said in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that a man is made of clay is the brick so often found in his hat."

The Queen of Belgium is a better horse-woman than scholar. Her trained horses recently awoke the professional enthusiasm of Ernest Benz, a famous circus rider of Brussels, who declared them much better educated than herself.

Three minors were refused marriage licenses at the Cincinnati probate court the other day on the ground that they were "o'er young to marry yet." The "baby act" had been abused too much, and the ambitious retired to grow; sad but hopeful.

There is something grand, poetical and comparatively safe in American thunderbolts, but such as they get in Hindoostan are neither of these. A chain of lightning lately visited Jhangora and literally cut the ground into chasms, wherein a large number of huts fell, and 50 or 60 persons perished.

At the last meeting of the British association, specimens of a tailless variety of trout were exhibited, taken from a lake of about an acre in extent, 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and so shallow that a man could wade through it. In no other place are similar ones found, although numerous other lakes exist all around this one.

Mr. Jefferson, late ferryman at Scottville, Va., recently received by letter four pence from a man who had crossed his ferry ten years before, and assured him that he should ever remember him for his kindness, and would send him the money the first favorable opportunity. Mr. Jefferson paid ten cents postage in order to hear from his grateful friend.

When a negro jury in Mississippi went out to deliberate, one juror asked another, "Is dis a hanging case?" "To be sure, nigger," was the answer. "Well," said the first juror, "dis nigger heerd one dem lawyers say dat boy's gese comin' back here and hant us if we hang him. I no go for hanging and have dat boy's gese foller me! No, sir." Verdict of manslaughter.

A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fishing-tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked: "Don't worry, mother; I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

A Nebraska man has invented a powerful, double-acting salve, which shows powers never before exhibited by salves of any kind. The inventor accidentally cut off the tail of a tame wolf, and immediately applying some of the salve to the stump, a new tail grew

out. Then picking up the old tail, he applied some of the salve to the raw end of that, and a wolf grew out; but he was a wild wolf and had to be shot.

That was a very good joke of the squirrel hunting Irishman, whose gun kicked him over while the furry twitlerer ran away, that "he wouldn't feel so nice if he had his end of the gun," but a good many people this year are making a practical test of it with fatal consequences. The latest is Joseph Delaney, a prominent citizen of Chester, Ill., who struck at a squirrel with the butt end of his gun, but instead of hitting it discharged his piece into his own abdomen, killing him instantly.

Mr. Blob is a temperance editor in California who tries to imitate Gough, and this is how near he comes to it: "O brothers, why will ye, and why will ye not? Lo! the crystalline liquid drippeth from the rock and wasteth upon the plain—and ye will not. The fiery poison moveth itself in the glass—and ye will. O miserable and blind; there is no safety for thee but in our band of teetotlers! Come up and teetotle! Come and join thy thirsty spirit unto ours, even as a drop is joined unto its ocean!"

At Rye, N. H., lately, three gentlemen heard a cry of "Oh!" as if from some person in distress. Full of benevolent intentions, they started at full speed to succor the person who was hurt, and soon, out of breath with their run, they discovered the bare head of a man above the bushes. As soon they could recover breath, one of them asked, "Are you much hurt? we thought you were about dead." "I am dead to this world, young man, and wish you were too," was the reply from an itinerant preacher, who had arrived the night before, and who had retired to the wood to have a quiet prayer all to himself and such persons who were not deaf within a circuit of half a mile.

Though the following salutory of an Oregon editress is certainly commendable, we should hardly agree that doubtful chances of success in the journalistic field was the most desirable reward of a life of toil: "We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—washing, scrubbing, patching, ironing, darning, plain sewing, raising babies, milking, churning and poultry raising. We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dressmaking business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of 36, and having brought up a family of boys to set type, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper, and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country."

Tennessee is alive with caterpillars, and on the line of the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad their corpses have made the track so slippery that the trains are brought to a standstill until it is cleared off and sanded. The locomotive rolled over the insects with a popping, snapping sound for a few feet, and when the wheels were well greased with fat, it would stop, and not until the track was swept and sanded, would the wheels perform their duty. Shortly after passing, the caterpillars swarmed over the rails, (and the next train passing had the same work of sweeping to perform. A little lake or sheet of water, seven miles from Memphis, near Fonconnah, is literally swarming with caterpillars, which, having crowded its borders in countless numbers, are crowded into the water by force of numbers from the vast army in the rear. There is too much caterpillary attraction about the place for us.

The Dairy.

THE UNDEVELOPED AMERICAN MARKET FOR CHEESE.

We clip from the *Rural New Yorker* some ingenious estimates by E. W. Stewart, as to possible consumption of cheese in America, as it may affect the market price of that staple in the future. If our people would eat their one ounce of cheese each per day the danger of over-production would be sensibly diminished.

Mr. Stewart says: "Let us see what our home market might be. Suppose our population of 40,000,000 should consume only one ounce each per day; this would require 912,500,000 pounds per year. The quantity of cheese made in the United States, as per census of 1860, was only 105,875,135 pounds, but we will suppose that in 1879 300,000,000 were made, which would be less than one-third enough to supply our population with one ounce each per day, and this would be much less than the average consumption of Great Britain. This will serve to show us the immense home market we have yet to develop, and the enormous increase of production warranted by the prospective consumption.

But let us see whether it be economy to produce cheese instead of beef. A good average cow will produce 400 pounds of cheese, besides a small amount of butter, per annum. And if we estimate one pound of this cheese equal, in food value, to two pounds of beef, it appears that an average cow will yield food equal to 800 pounds of beef per year. The average dressed weight of beefs sent to New York City, is generally estimated at 750 pounds each. It thus appears that a cow will produce in human food, annually, more than the carcass of a grown bullock, although it takes on the average, four years to grow the bullock making 750 pounds of dressed beef. The cost of food, in producing the cheese, is not more than one-third that of growing the beef, and the labor, being but one year, cannot be as great. Cheese can be produced as cheap per pound as beef, although worth double for food.

Let us see what would be the aggregate production, if this were made the leading dairy product of the whole country. By the census of 1860 the number of dairy cows is stated at 8,728,862. There are now, probably 10,000,000 cows in the United States. Suppose that one-half of these, or 5,000,000 were devoted to making cheese, at 400 pounds to the cow, they would produce an aggregate of 2,000,000,000. This would be 50 pounds to each person, or less than two and a-half ounces daily. And, estimating one pound of cheese equal to two pounds of beef, this cheese product would be equal to 5,000,000 of bullocks averaging 800 pounds, net weight, each.

DUTCH OR HOLSTEIN COWS.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, looking through Holland in search of stock to purchase, gives the following account of the Holstein cows:

The best stock in Holland is raised and kept by gentlemen farmers, who occupy the fine high lands to the south of Haarlem towards Leiden, who never sell; and by the cheese-makers of the Purmer, the Beemster, and the Schermer in North Holland. In Friesland and in Guiderland, are also fine cows, but nowhere so generally as in the Purmer and the Beemster. I have spent much time in these places, and have exercised my Yankee inquisitiveness, and always with the same replies. The Dutch

cows, in the latter named, and in all the better portion of Holland, give an average of twenty Dutch cans, equal to twenty-eight wine quarts, per day of the pasturing season of about six months, or all the people with whom I have conversed, are mistaken. From this is made two and a-half Dutch pounds of cheese, and one-half pound of butter per day. The butter in this case being made from the skimming of the whey after making the cheese, and is not of a first-rate quality, as I tasted it. It is said this process is sometimes reversed. The cheese now sells at the farm at sixpence sterling per pound. I have endeavored to learn what is the largest milking known, from a single cow in one day, but not so satisfactorily. At Elwout a gentleman's place near Haarlem, the farmer, who was a very intelligent man of past fifty years, said he had never known of more than thirty cans (forty-two wine quarts), twenty cans he considered the average of good cows for the season.

IMPROVEMENT IN SETTING MILK.

I was told about two years ago by Dr. Potter, the inventor of a milk-cooler, that if milk were quickly deprived of its animal heat, the cream would rise, though the milk were set ten feet deep. His theory was, that if allowed to stand for a while, warm, a lactic fermentation set in which prevented the free separation of the cream. Strangely enough, I never made the experiment until this summer, when I ordered some cans of the Iron-clad Can Company in New York, 8 inches in diameter, and 20 and 25 inches high, with wire balls. These when filled to within four or five inches of the top, will float perfectly upright, being ballasted by the heavy iron bottoms. We place them in a pool (which we have in an outbuilding,) fed by a living spring in the bottom. My success was perfect, and just in the midst of my exultation a friend lent me the *Journal of the Royal Ag. Society*, in which I found Mr. Willard's paper, since copied in part by you, with an exact engraving of my cooler and skimmer! and a few days later I received the *Agriculturist* containing Col. Waring's communication respecting his experiment at Ogden Farm, prompted, he tells me, by a translation of a very recent publication respecting Swedish dairies. Our experience agrees with your remarks. We have all, in the use of shallow pans, been merely accomplishing the cooling of the milk, while ignorantly believing that shallowness was the requisite.

We set the milk 36 hours, and the butter is invariably uniform in quality, no matter how hot the weather may be, and free from marbling. The milk, at the end of this time, is perfectly sweet, and the young calves are fed on it exclusively from the time they are four or five days old, and thrive as well as could be wished.

These are sufficient inducements, apart from the saving of room and of labor in skimming and cleansing the many pans required in the old system.

T. J. H.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

Instead of having square-cornered vats to make and clean, I had them round, 30 inches in diameter, of the best heavy can tin, two sheets reaching around the sides of each vat or pan. Hence they are easily kept clean, and the surrounding wooden vat can be made cheaper and much more durable in round than in square form, in which to run or pump water from a well to cool the milk in the tin pan. The diameter of the wooden vat or tub should be five inches larger than the pan. I used a well and pump, and by changing the water once we could keep the milk cool enough in a room at 70°, and make butter that sells readily to our neighbors, nearly all of whom are dairymen.—S. LANBORN, in *Cor. Country Gentleman*.

Eden, N. Y.